—NOT— LIKE OTHER MEN

By Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey, Author of "The Brotherhood of Silence," "The Quality of a Sin," Etc. Copyright, 1901, by Frederic Van Reasselaer Dep.

CHAPTER VIII.

WOMAN IN A WOMAN'S WILES. ISLE tather regretted that he had offended this remarkable person-that is, he felt a degree of compunction because he realized that he had not conducted himself exactly as his father would

have desired him to do. He believed ! that he had been remiss in his duty as a host. Upon the personal part of it he did not conjecture. This woman could resent his curiosity if she chose to do so and might shoot him the next time they met if she was quicker with her weapons than he was.

He shrugged his shoulders disdain fully, pondered a moment and then stepped through the window and join ed the others on the veranda.

"I am going to the corral," he said to his father. "Ab Sin will have supper presently."

He would have passed on then without further remark, but Erna Thomas had regretted her anger at something which second thought told her was not intended as offensive, and she saw in this incident an opportunity to atone for it.

"May I go with you?" she exclaimed,

"If you like," he replied, not pausing, but slackening his gait so that she could eatch up with him. Richard Maxwell would have accompanied them also if he had been given an opportunity, but his loquacious guest had not permitted him to do anything but listen ever since his arrival, so that he was compelled to retain his seat.

"You're not overburdened with polite bess, are you?" said Miss Thomas, overtaking Lisle half way down the path. "I suppose you're mad. Are you?" "Mad? Not at all. Why should I be

angry?" "I left you rather suddenly, didn't I? I'm sorry. You-you rather took the

wind out of me, you know." "I should think your instruments of torture would do that," replied Lisle. "I ought not to have offended you. I apologize."

"Oh, that's all right. Don't mention it. Why don't you offer me your arm?"

"My arm! What for?" "To take hold of-to lean upon, of course.' "Are you lame? Have you hurt your-

"Oh, dear, what a hopeless creature you are! I keep forgetting that you hold of your arm-so. There! Isn't

Lisle did not think it was better, but

"We walk together very nicely; don't! make it comfortable for both, and, besides, you step with me beautifully. Don't you think that you step rather short for a man?"

"I do not know. Perhaps so. Here is the corral. There are 30 horses in here | tonight. I always come out to see that all is secure before I retire. Shall we return now?"

"What! So soon? Don't you think it is nicer out here? See, the moon is just coming up. It will be a glorious night after all. I want to ask you something. Mr. Maxwell. I want you to tell me' how it happens that you never saw a woman before tonight."

"I don't know. Do you know very many women ?"

"Do I know very many women! Well, I should say so! Oceans of them." "Are they all like you? Have they; all got yellow hair, waists like a wasp

"There, that will do. You'll say something that you ought not to if you! are not careful. What a queer mortal you are, Mr. Maxwell! One might postively regard you as quite shocking if one did not know that you haven't got It in you to shock anybody. Women are just about as much alike as men! are alike-no more, no less. Your father and mine are not alike, are they? And Craig Thompson -I know him; he comes to Kansas City sometimeshe isn't like any other man you ever saw, is he?"

"He is one of the best men I ever saw," replied Lisle, with enthusiasm. "I think so too. We're agreed on that. He says that I am the best girl he ever saw."

"Does Craig Thompson say that?" exclaimed Lisle incredulously.

"Yes. Is there anything remarkable about it?"

"I think there is. If he said that, I shall like you."

"Oh, indeed! Thank you!" "Were you ever a mother?" asked

Lisle calmly, remembering that Craig had assured bim that mothers were always good women.

He heard a quick gasp from his companion. He felt that his arm was released as suddenly as though it were a redhot iron, and he turned toward the woman in surprise. She had started away from him and was standing in the attitude of one who wishes to run away, but cannot. He saw that she was trembling, and he fancied that there were tears in her eyes. He knew that she was angry. One glance told him that.

"I have offended again," he said slowly. "I do not mean to do so. Do men regard it as an affront to be ked if they are mothers?"

e young lady's composure returnlestions, Presently she approach-

ed more nearly to him and, seizing him by one arm, turned him so that the light of the newly risen moon shone upon his face.

"I wonder," she said musingly, addressing the words more to herself than to him, "if you are such an innothen?

"Yes; I asked you if"-"Stop! You need not repeat it. heard it the first time, and goodness knows that once is enough! It was not at all a proper question to ask a ladya girl-a woman. If you give me many more starts like that, I won't answer for the consequences. Kansas City girls can stand pretty much anything. but you are one too many for me! If you have any more questions like that one to ask, suppose you write them down and let me rend them at my lei sure. I'll think them over and reply to them by letter when I get back home. Oh, dear! Will you be offended

If I laugh? I've got to laugh, or cry or scream, or something." And she did break into laughter, uttering peal after peal of the musical sound, but it was more hysterical than mirth provoking. Lisle only stared at her in amazement. His feelings were burt but he was far too proud to say so Presently she recovered, and they walked along silently side by side.

"I feel as though I were in China," she said at last, possessing herself again of his arm, which she had to shape to her uses before taking it. "I have been told that they do everything backward there, and here you are the one who is offended, while I ought to be simply speechless with outraged modesty. You are certainly the most refreshing subject that I ever encountered. I wonder if it would wake you up if I should kiss you."

The spirit of mischief was in her now. She felt that the arm to which she clung belonged to a child-a child who was sleeping, who had slept long enough and who ought to be awakened -but she was not prepared for the calm reply that she received to a proposition that would have startled any other man than the one beside her.

You may do so, if you like," said Lisle, unmoved and with the utmost seriousness. "I have never kissed anybody but my father. In all probability I will never do so again. I have no

objections, if you have not." She was shaking with laughter. Presently the paroxysm passed, and never saw a woman before. You are then demurely she raised her pink and sadly in need of education. Tomor- white face until it hung just beneath row I'll take you in hand. I believe his. The moonlight shone full upon it, I'll begin now. Stop just a moment: and Lisle noticed then for the first time crook your arm up-so; hold your palm how delicately formed it was, how soft against your chest-so. Now, I take and clear and sweet it appeared in that mellow light. He saw how round and blue and perfect were her eyes, half plunged in shadow by the drooping tled in the west. The heavens took on he thought it wise not to say so. If lashes that fringed them, dancing with she liked it, she was his guest, and it mischief. They reminded him of fairy elfins, peeping out from their rose leaf concealment, prepared at the first you think so?" she continued. "You alarm to pull the leaves together and are just enough taller than I am to hide. He saw two perfect lips, bewitchingly puckered, red, like ripe cherries; soft, like new velvet, like the rose leaves behind which the fairles flew to hide, and he leaned over and touched them with his own.

They walked on in silence after that. "That was funny," she said presand the same of the same of the ently.

"What was funny?" asked Lisle. "That. Your lips are just like a woman's. You kissed me just like a woman. I wonder if you were not cut out for one and spoiled in the mak-

Lisle shook himself free from her arm and leaped away. His eyes blazed at her, his nostrils dilated with anger his lips quivered, and his whole being trembled in the effort he made to control his rage.

"You are my guest." he said when he dared to speak, but his voice was low and fierce with passion. "I cannot resent that as I would like to do. But I will tell you this: A man-a cowboy one of Craig Thompson's men - said those words to me once, and I shot

him." "Shot him! Good gracious! Did you kill him?"

"Not then, but afterward I did." "B-r-r-r! Well, I guess you're a man all right-in some ways, if not in oth-

ers. Are you mad?" "I am angry." "Bosh! Because I said that? I didn't mean it. Will that suffice? I'm sorry. We're even, anyhow. You offended me and I didn't cherish it up, so you mustn't. Kiss me again, and let's be

friends." "You will say that I kiss like a won

an." "No. I won't. I won't say a word

Here!" She put her arms around his neck then and drew his face down to hers. She did the kissing this time without waiting for him, and she held Lisle's race against her own until be put ber from him and turned away, with a wondering sigh.

"That was better." was Miss Thorn as' comment as she grasped his arm again and led him toward the house 'Look! There are our daddles still talking it over, and as sure as I live there is a Chinaman in the doorway Supper must be ready, and I'm simply starved."

CHAPTER IX.

THE TRUTH MADE KNOWN. C RAIG THOMPSON never drev a truer simile-and he was full of them - than he did when, while advising with Lisle, he assured him that he could not throw a loop over circumstance and drag it along, a willing captive, as they her slowly. She did not reply to did the steer, clinching his argument with the additional statement, "It's own. He rapped upon the door. There



She put her arms oround his neck.
got a way of slipping out and roping
you instead." It is the experience of
every man sooner or later to be roped
in by circumstance, and, although Richard Maxwell had battled with and defied events all his life, he, like others,
was destined at last to fall a victim to
that wily foe which knows so well how
to watch and wait. cent as you would have me think? Do sot a way of slipping out and roping you know what you asked me just you lustead." It is the experience of to watch and wait.

As soon as the guests had partaken of the ample supper which Ah Sin had provided they were shown to their rooms, for the fatigues of the day had at last forced even the vivacious energy of Erna Thomas to surrender. Then father and son also parted for the night.

Both were strangely silent, and nei-

Both were strangely silent, and neither noticed that the other was so.

The house had not been planned for entertainment, and particularly had female guests and their many requirements been left out of the plans of construction and furnishing. There was only one room within it that was at all adapted to the uses of a woman at all adapted to the uses of a woman, and to that one-it was Lisle's-the young lady had been shown. The library couch was roomy and comfortable, and upon that Lisle threw himself after the others had retired. It was a much softer bed than he required for a good night's rest.

Richard Maxwell's bedchamber adjoined the library, and the two were connected by a door, which was rarely closed, the portieres suspended from the frame above it doing ample service in the matter of isolating one from the

Lisle selected a book and read or appeared to read long after his father had retired. At last he put it down, divested himself of his boots, coat and waistcoat, loosened his belt and, having covered himself with a Navajo blanket, went speedily to sleep.

During the night he was awakened. An unusual sound startled him, and he sat erect, listening, impressed with the idea that his father had called. He rose and tiptoed to the door, pulled the curtains aside and peered into the room. The moon, now resplendent, shone in at the window and athwart his father's

bed, and Lisle could see him plainly. "Did you speak, father?" he asked in a low tone, so that the sleeper might not be disturbed if he were mistaken, and, receiving no reply, he returned to the couch and composed himself to sleep again. He remained wide awake, however, while hour after hour passed by, thinking upon those perplexing problems which refused sufficiently to shape themselves for recognition. The moon passed over the bouse and seta transparent hue in the east. Dawn was near at hand when he was again startled by a repetition of the sound that he had heard before. This time he was not sleeping. He knew there could be no mistake. The noise came from his father's room, was made by his father.

He leaped to his feet and hurried past the portieres straight to his father's side and came upon a sight which filled him with sudden and unnamable horror.

Richard Maxwell was lying upon his back. His eyes were wide open and star-ing. There was a deathlike, leaden pallor upon his face, which in the imperfect light seemed ghastly. He was breathing, but that was the only sign of life that was evident.

Lisle knelt down beside him, chafed his hands and called to him, but the stricken man made no reply except to utter that half articulate groan which already had alarmed his son. The young man procured restoratives, but they were of no avail. He endeavored to force brandy between his father's lips, but Richard Maxwell could not swallow. He chafed his hands, but they were cold and deathlike in his grasp. Power of motion seemed to have been retained only by the optic muscles, for whichever way Lisle turned his father's eyes followed him with

agonized entreaty. Dawn increased and developed into day while Lisle worked over his father, but his extremities became colder fall. and colder, so that at last, with that intuition which is born of parental love, Lisle knew that his father was dying. The eyes that watched him unceasingly while he worked became more dim as the minutes glided into the past, and death hovered nearer and er and then grew dim. He did not nearer to Richard Maxwell.

Accustomed all his life to being alone with his father, Lisle had forgotten the presence of strangers in the house, but suddenly he remembered. He sprang from the room and ran to the one occupied by Mr. Thomas, bursting precipitously into it and shaking the sleeping man fiercely.

"Will you come, sir, at once? Something has happened to my father!" he cried. "He is dving!"

"Good God! What is it? What has matter?" exclaimed the suddenly awakemed man.

"I do not know. Please come. know that he is dying." "That I will. It may not be as bad as you think. Where is he?" Mr.

Thomas had leaped from the bed and was rapidly drawing on his trousers. "In the room off the library. Hasten, please! Hasten!" "I won't be a minute. Call Erna. Nothing like a weman in a case like

this, and she's worth a dozen ordinary ones!" Lisle darted from the room and hastened to that which was ordinarily his



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cannot say too much in favor of your goods. This is the universal opinion in my county.



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which is sold with an iron-clad guarantee to do all that is claimed for it, or we will forfeit \$50.00. Now, we ask you a plain question—would we absolutely agree to forfeit \$50.00 if you are dissatisfied with our preparations, if they were not true to all we claim for them? We have advertised for several years under this guarantee, and we are glad to say that every one who has used Ozono has been satisfied in every respect.

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hair from failing out. It will restore gray hair to its natural color, making the hair long and soft.

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Miss Louisa Logan, New Orleans, La., says: I send you my photograph, so that you can see what your Ozono has

was no response. He threw it open Erna spoke. and entered, arousing Miss Thomas as "Papa, what shall we do?"

he had done her father. She started up with a scream, but Lisle's quick words reassured her instantly.

"My father is dying," he said, with

more calmness. "Mr. Thomas said that you would help me. Will you come?" "Yes; at once. Where is he?" "Come to the library." He hastened then to his father's side. but Thomas was there before him, bending over the bed. When Lisle

resuscitation, the Missourian waved am in the neighborhood-very much in him aside. "Walt, young man. Has Erna come?" "I am here, papa," replied her voice

from the doorway. Mr. Thomas raised himself slowly erect and turned so that he stood between Lisle and the bed. His kind face told what his tongue had not yet uttered, and Lisle crouched half down, awaiting the blow which was about to

"Courage, my boy," he said-"courage. You need more bravery now than

ever in your life before.' Lisle crouched lower and lower. His dark eyes stared wildly upon the speak-

speak; he waited still. "Your father is dead. He was dead when I entered the room. Nothing earthly could have saved him. He is

Lisle tried to speak, but his voice failed him. He could not utter a sound, and he sank down in his tracks limp, lifeless, insensible.

Father and daughter sprang simultaneously to his side. Between them they lifted him from the floor and bore him to the library, placing him upon happened? Your father? Dying, did the couch where he had passed the you say? Shot? Hurt? What is the night. Water and brandy were near at hand. One was sprinkled liberally over his face; the other was poured, drop by drop, between his lips, and then, while Mr. Thomas industriously fanned him with a newspaper, his daughter chafed hands and brow, but unconsciousness still held sway.

"Open his shirt, Erna," said her father at last. "Give the muscles of the throat a chance to act."

She obeyed. Her father bent down to assist her. His rude hands and muscular strength tore the buttons away, and father and daughter started commands. back simultaneously, stood erect and

gazed into each other's eyes. They remained thus a full minute.

neither breaking the stience. At last

"God knows! What, in heaven's name, does it mean 2" "I suspected it last night; I almost knew it," whispered Erna.

"I did not. I do not believe that anybody but her father and herself knew the truth.' "She knew it least of all, papa." "Do you mean to tell me"

"Hush, papa!" "There isn't a woman in this infernal neighborhood. I can't imagine"would have recommenced his efforts at . "Yes, there is. I am a woman, and I



Father and daughter started back simultancousty. the neighborhood just now. I thank God for it, and so will she when she

knows. Do you think, papa, that between us we can carry her to her room?" "I can carry her alone. Thank heav en there are no stairs in this cursed

"Take her there at once, before she revives. She must never know that you were with me when-when we made the discovery."

"She does not act now as if she ever would revive," said Mr. Thomas as he took the unconscious form in his arms and with some difficulty bore it from the room. As quickly as possible Lisle was deposited upon the bed lately occupied by Erna, and Mr. Thomas paused, waiting his daughter's further

"Now go, papa," she said calmly, "I will do all that is necessary to be done here. This fainting spell will pass ask for me."-Yonkers Statesman.

away presently of its wn accord, and I must be alone with .. r when she revives. There is a great deal for you to do in that other room. You must rouse the servants and send for some of the men. The cowboys sleep in that build-

ing beyond the corval. Craig Thompson was known to Mr. Maxwell and to Lisle. I think you had better send one of the men for him at once. There doubtless are a minister and a doctor at Belmont, where we came from. I think another man should go after them. Liste would like to have them both, I am sure. As soon as she regains consciousness and I can leave her I will come to you. In the meantime you must have your wits about

you and attend to everything. I am so glad that we are here!" "You are!" exclaimed her father. Well, I'm hanged if I am!"

"Yes, you are, papa. You're a little rattled just now; that's all." "Erna," said the father fondly, taking the young girl tenderly in his arms,

"you are an angel!" She smiled upon him, kissed him and pushed him from the room just as Lisle opened her eyes-the feminine pronoun is again in requisition-and fixed them wonderingly upon the figure at the door, and Erna went immediately to the bedside.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] A Large Leap. "I saw a big jump last night," said

the Facetious One. "Did you?" asked the Solemn Truthteller.

track." - Pittsburgh Chronicle-Tele-

graph. The Hardest Luck, Georgie-What do they mean dead broke, dad?

Henpeck-When a man is so hard easily as that love lock did up that he can't even raise money to send his wife away to the country .-Judge.

Retort Courteous. She-After a man reaches your age he imagines every handsome woman he meets is in love with him. He-Well, if that is true, I certainly

love with me. -- Chicago Daily News. Knows Bimself.

have no excuse for thinking you are in

A western farmer writes to his local paper and puts his foot in it thus: "If our people want to see a big hog, come out to my farm and

MIXED MAXIMS.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle.] "One swallow does not make a summer"-no, nor a meal.

way"-usually the wrong one. "Forbidden fruit is sweet"-but you're very apt to choke on the seeds. "Every cloud has a cilver lining"but usually it is made of German sil-

"Where's there's a will there's a

"Tis better to give than to receive"-this holds good even to a blow.

"A squeaking door hangs a long time"-and no one ever thinks to oil it. "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow"-the cook will go on a

strike. "Virtue is its own reward"-at least it is the only apaprent one up to date.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again"-even if you have to impress it with a club. "The darkest hour is just before

"It is a long lane that has no turn" -and sometimes it does not turn at all; it just ends abruptly at a preci-

dawn"-at least it seems darker when

you are trying to find the keyhole.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath"-but it is just as well to be prepared and keep your hand near your pistol pocket

"A good conscience makes a soft pillow"-as does also the knowledge "Yes. I saw a street car jump the that you have to-morrow's rent

money. "Love laughs at locksmiths"-but sometimes it laughs on the other side of its mouth, and has a mighty hard time in the diovrce court trying to find a skeleton key that works as

Retort Courteous

"My dear," remarked the fresh young man, "you remind me of an imitation diamond. You are so brilliant." "And you," rejoined the knowing maid, "remind me of an emerald. You are so green."-Chicago Daily News.

Thought She Was One of Them. Manning-A year or two ago I advised Pitcher to write a book on the famous men he had met. Boyd-And did he do it?

Manning-He wrote an antobiog-

raphy.-Boston Transcript.